IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

CHAPTER XII.

Yet lackest thou one thing. Sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And, come; follow me.

When Henry Maxwell began to speak to the souls crowded into the settlement hall that night, it is doubtful if he had ever before faced such an audience in his life. It is quite certain that the city of Raymond did not contain such a variety of humanity. Not even the Rectangle at its worst could furnish so many men and women who had fallen entirely out of the reach of the church and all religious and even Christian influences.

What did he talk about? He had already decided that point. He told in the simplest language he could command some of the results of obedience to the pledge as it had been taken in Raymond. Every man and woman in that audience knew something about Jesus Christ. They all had some idea of his character, and, however much they had grown bitter toward the forms of Christian ecclesiasticism or the social system, they preserved some standard of right and truth, and what little some of them still retained was taken from the person of the peasant of Galilee.

So they were interested in what Maxwell said. "What would Jesus do?" He began to apply the question to the social problem in general after finishing the story of Raymond. The audience was respectfully attentive. It was more than that. It was genuinely interested. As Mr. Maxwell went on faces all over the hall leaned forward in a way very seldom seen in church audiences or anywhere else, except among workingmen or the people of the street when once they are thoroughly aroused. "What would Jesus do?" Suppose that were the motto not only of the churches, but of the business men, the politicians, the newspapers, the workingmen, the society people. How long would it take, under such a standard of conduct, to revolutionize the world? What was the trouble with the world? It was suffering from selfishness. No one ever lived who had succeeded in overcoming selfishness like Jesus. If men followed him, regardless of results, the world would at once begin to enjoy a new life.

Henry Maxwell never knew how much it meant to hold the respectful attention of that hall full of diseased and sinful humanity. The bishop and Dr. Bruce, sitting there, looking on, seeing many faces that represented scorn of creeds, hatred of the social order, desperate narrowness and selfishness, marveled that even so soon, under the influence of the settlement life, the softening process had begun to lessen the bitterness of hearts, many of which had grown bitter from neglect and indifference.

And still, in spite of the outward show of respect of the speaker, no one, not even the bishop, had any true conception of the pent up feeling in that room that night. Among the men who had heard of the meeting and had responded to the invitation were 20 or 30 out of work, who had strolled past the settlement that afternoon, read the notice of the meeting and had come in out of curiosity and to escape the chill east wind. It was a bitter night, and the saloons were full, but in that whole district of over 30,000 souls, with the exception of the saloons, there was not a door open to the people except the clean, pure, Christian door of the settlement. Where would a man without a home or without work or without friends naturally go unless to a saloon?

It had been the custom at the settlement for a free and open discussion to follow an open meeting of this kind, and when Henry Maxwell finished and sat down the bishop, who presided tonight, rose and made the announcement that any man in the hall was at liberty to ask questions, to speak out his feelings or declare his convictions, always with the understanding that whoever took part was to observe the simple rules that governed parliamentary bodies and obey the three minute rule, which by common consent, would be enforced on account of the numbers present.

Instantly a number of voices from men who had been at previous meetings of this kind exclaimed, "Consent, consent!"

The bishop sat down, and immediately a man near the middle of the hall rose and began to speak.

"I want to say that what Mr. Maxwell has said tonight comes pretty close to me. I knew Jack Manning, the fellow he told about, who died at his house. I worked on next case to his in a printer's shop in Philadelphia for two years. Jack was a good fellow. He lent me $5 once when I was in a hole, and I never got a chance to pay it back. He moved to New York, owing to a change in the management of the office that threw him out, and I never saw him again. When the linotype machine came in, I was one of the men to go first as he did. I have been out of work most of the time since. They say in books are a good thing. I won't always dispute it myself, but I suppose I'm prejudiced. A man naturally is when he gets a steady job because a machine takes his place. About this Christianity business, it's all right, but I never have seen any such sacrifice on the part of church people. So far as my observation goes, they're just as selfish and greedy for money or worldly show as anybody. I except the bishop here, of course, and a few others, but I don't see much difference between the men of the world, as they're called, and church members when it came to business and money making. One class is just as bad as another there."

Cries of "That's so!" "You're right!" "Of course!" interrupted the speaker, and the minute he sat down two men who were on their feet for several seconds before the first speaker was through began to talk at once.

The bishop called them to order and indicated which was entitled to the floor. The man who remained standing began eagerly:

"This is the first time I was ever in here, and maybe it'll be the last. Fact is, I'm about at the end of my string. I've tramped this city for work until I'm sick. I'm in plenty of company. Say, I'd like to ask a question of the minister if it's fair. May I?"

"That's for Mr. Maxwell to say," said the bishop.

"By all means," replied Mr. Maxwell quickly. "Of course I will not promise to answer it to the gentleman's satisfaction."

"This is my question." The man leaned forward and stretched out a long arm, with a certain dramatic force that grew naturally enough out of his condition as a human being. "I want to know what Jesus would do in my case? I haven't had a stroke of work for two months. I've got a wife and three children, and I love them as much as if I was worth a million dollars. I've been living off a little earnings I saved up during the World's fair jobs I got. I'm a carpenter by trade, and I've tried every way I know to get a job. You say we ought to take for our motto, 'What would Jesus do?' What would he do if he was out of work like me? I can't be somebody else and ask the question. I want to work. I'd give anything to grow tired of working ten hours a day the way I used to. Am I to blame because I can't manufacture a job for myself? I've got to live and my wife and my children. But how? What would Jesus do? You say that's the question we all ought to ask."

Henry Maxwell sat there staring at the great sea of faces all intent on his, and no answer to this man's question seemed, for the time being, to be possible. "O God!" his heart prayed. "This is a question that brings up the entire social problem in all its perplexing entanglement of human wrongs and its present condition, contrary to every desire of God for a human being's welfare. Is there any condition more awful than for a man in good health, able and eager to work, with no means of honest livelihood unless he does work, actually unable to get anything to do and driven to one of three things—begging for charity at the hands of friends or strangers or suicide or starvation? What would Jesus do? It was a fair question for the man to ask. It was the only question he could ask, supposing him to be a disciple of Christ, but what a question for any man to be obliged to ask under such conditions!"

All this and more did Henry Maxwell ponder. All the others were thinking in the same way. The bishop sat there with a look so stern and sad that it was not hard to tell how the question moved him. Dr. Bruce had his head bowed. The human problem had never seemed to him so tragic as since he had taken the pledge and left his church to enter the settlement. What would Jesus do? It was a terrible question, and still the man stood there, tall and gaunt and almost terrible, with his arm stretched out in an appeal which grew every second in meaning.

At length Mr. Maxwell spoke:

"Is there any man in the room who is a Christian disciple who has been in this condition and has tried to do as Jesus would do? If so, such a man can answer his question better than I can."

There was a moment's hush over the room, and then a man near the front of the hall slowly rose. He was an old man, and the hand he laid on the back of the bench in front of him trembled as he spoke.

"I think I can safely say that I have many times been in just such a condition and have always tried to be a Christian under all conditions. I don't know that I have always asked this question, 'What would Jesus do?' when I have been out of work, but I do know I have tried to be his disciple at all times. Yes," the man went on, with a sad smile that was more pathetic to the bishop and Mr. Maxwell than the young man's grim despair—"yes, I have begged, and I have been to the charity organizations, and I have done everything when out of a job, except steal and lie, in order to get food and fuel. I don't know that Jesus would have done some of the things I have been obliged to do for a living, but I know I have never knowingly done wrong when out of work. Sometimes I think maybe he would have starved sooner than beg. I don't know."

The old man's voice trembled, and he looked around the room timidly. A silence followed, broken by a fierce voice from a large, black haired, heavily bearded man who sat three seats from the bishop. The minute he spoke nearly every man in the hall leaned forward eagerly. The man who had asked the question, "What would Jesus do in my case?" slowly sat down and asked the man next to him, "Who's that?"

"That's Carlsen, the socialistic leader. Now you'll hear something."

"This is all bosh, to my mind," began Carlsen, while his great, bristling beard shook with the deep, inward anger of the man. "The whole of our system is at fault. What we call civilization is rotten to the core. There is no use trying to hide it or cover it up. We live in an age of trusts and combines and capitalistic greed that means simply death to thousands of innocent men, women and children. I thank God, if there is a God, which I very much doubt, that I, for one, have never dared to marry and try to have a home. Home! Talk of hell! Is there any bigger than the one this man with his three children has on his hands right this minute? And he's only one out of thousands, and yet this city and every other big city in this country has its thousands of professed Christians who have all the luxuries and comforts and who go to church Sundays and sing their hymns about giving all to Jesus and bearing the cross and following him all the way and being saved! I don't say that there aren't some good men and women among them, but let the minister who has spoken to us here tonight go into any one of a dozen aristocratic churches I could name and propose to the members to take any such pledge as the one he's proposed here and see how quick the people would laugh at him for a fool or a crank or a fanatic. Oh, no! That's not the remedy. That can't ever amount to anything. We've got to have a new start in the way of government. The whole thing needs reconstructing. I don't look for any reform worth anything to come out of the churches. They are not with the people. They are with the aristocrats, with the men of money. The trusts and monopolies have their greatest men in the churches. The ministers as a class are their slaves. What we need is a system that shall start from the common basis of socialism founded on the rights of the common people"—

Carlsen had evidently forgotten all about the three minute rule and was launching himself into a regular oration that meant, in his usual surroundings, before his usual audience, an hour at least, when the man just behind him pulled him down unceremoniously and rose. Carlsen was angry at first and threatened a little disturbance, but the bishop reminded him of the rule, and he subsided, with several mutterings in his beard, while the next speaker began with a very strong eulogy on the value of the single tax as a genuine remedy for all the social ills. He was followed by a man who made a bitter attack on the churches and ministers and declared that the two great obstacles in the way of all true reform were the courts and the ecclesiastical machines.

When he sat down, a man who bore every mark of being a street laborer sprang to his feet and poured out a perfect torrent of abuse against the corporations, especially the railroads. The minute his time was up a big, brawny fellow who said he was a metal worker by trade claimed the floor and declared that the remedy for the social wrongs was trades unionism. This, he said, would bring on the millennium for labor more than anything else. The next man endeavored to give some reasons why so many persons were out of employment and condemned inventions as the works of the devil. He was loudly applauded by the rest of the company.

Finally the bishop called time on the "free for all" and asked Rachel to sing.

Rachel Winslow had grown into a very strong, healthful, humble Christian during that wonderful year in Raymond dating from the Sunday when she first took the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and her great talent of song had been fully consecrated to the service of her Master. When she began to sing tonight at this settlement meeting, she had never prayed more deeply for results to come from her voice—the voice which she now regarded as the Master's, to be used for him.

Certainly her prayer was being answered as she sang. She had chosen the words:

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,
Follow me, follow me!

Again Henry Maxwell, sitting there, was reminded of his first night at the Rectangle in the tent when Rachel sang the people into quiet. The effect was the same here. What wonderful power a good voice consecrated to the Master's service always is! Rachel's great natural ability would have made her one of the foremost opera singers of the age. Surely this audience had never before heard such melody. How could it? The men who had drifted in from the street sat entranced by a voice which "back in the world" never could be heard by the common people because the owner of it would charge $2 or $3 for the privilege. The song poured out through the hall as free and glad as if it were a foretaste of salvation itself.

Carlsen, with his great black bearded face, absorbed the music with the deep love of it peculiar to his nationality, and a tear ran over his cheek and glistened in his beard as his face softened and became almost noble in its aspect. The man out of work who had wanted to know what Jesus would do in his place sat with grimy hand on the back of the bench in front of him, with his mouth partly open, his great tragedy for the moment forgotten. The song while it lasted was food and work and warmth and union with his wife and babies once more. The man who had spoken so fiercely against the churches and the ministers sat with his head erect at first, with a look of stolid resistance, as if he stubbornly resented the introduction into the exercises of anything that was even remotely connected with the church or its form of worship, but gradually he yielded to the power that was swaying the hearts of all the persons in that room, and a look of sad thoughtfulness crept over his face.

The bishop said to himself that night while Rachel was singing that if the world of sinful, diseased, depraved, lost humanity could only have the gospel preached to it by consecrated prima donnas and professional tenors and altos and bassos he believed it would hasten the coming of the kingdom quicker than any other one force. "Why, oh, why," he cried in his heart as he listened, "has the world's great treasure in song been so often held far from the poor because the personal possessor of voice or fingers capable of stirring divinest melody has so often regarded the gift as something with which to make money? Shall there be no martyrs among the gifted ones of the earth? Shall there be no giving of this great gift as well as of others?"

And Henry Maxwell again, as before, called up that other audience at the Rectangle, with increasing longing for a larger spread of the new discipleship. What he had seen and heard at the settlement burned into him deeper the belief that the problem of the city would be solved if the Christians in it should once follow Jesus as he gave commandment. But what of this great mass of humanity, neglected and sinful, the very kind of humanity the Saviour came to save, with all its mistakes and narrowness, its wretchedness and loss of hope—above all, its unqualified bitterness toward the church? That was what smote Henry Maxwell deepest.

Was the church, then, so far from the Master that the people no longer found him in the church? Was it true that the church had lost its power over the very kind of humanity which in the early ages of Christianity it reached in the greatest numbers? How much was true in what the socialist leader said about the uselessness of looking to the church for reform or redemption because of the selfishness and seclusion and aristocracy of its members?

He was more and more impressed with the appalling fact that the comparatively few men in the hall, now being held quiet for awhile by Rachel's voice, represented thousands of others just like them, to whom a church and a minister stood for less than a saloon or a beer garden as a source of comfort or happiness. Ought it to be so? If the church members were all doing as Jesus would do, could it remain true that armies of men would walk the streets for jobs and hundreds of them curse the church and thousands of them find in the saloon their best friend? How far were the Christians responsible for this human problem that was personally illustrated right in this hall tonight? Was it true that the great city churches would, as a rule, refuse to walk in Jesus' steps so closely as to suffer, actually suffer, for his sake?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THOSE BOER LADIES.

By Middle Life They Are Almost Too Fat to Walk.

The Boer woman is very little like the trim, handsome Dutchwoman of her ancestral Holland. She is seldom pretty. Her complexion is her principal charm, and she guards this carefully whenever she goes out. She is never seen outdoors without a great peaked bonnet on her head, her visits to church being made behind an almost oriental seclusion of veils. This is necessary to preserve the pink and white of her skin, for the climate would otherwise soon tan it to the color of sole leather. Her eyes are small and set close together, and her features are irregular. Her cheeks are broad and flat, and her hair is naturally light in color, although time and weather soon bleach it from its early straw color. At a very early age she loses all her teeth, for she is constantly chewing sweet cakes and confectionery.

A European woman would replace the molars that nature has deprived her of with well mounted works of art, but the Boer woman does not do this. She thinks it would be impious thus to try to duplicate the work of the Creator. Her figure is thick and almost waistless. While still a young woman she begins to grow fat, and by the time middle life is reached she is often so unwieldy that the only exercise she is able to take is to waddle cumbrously from one armchair to another. She is clad in a loose, scantily made gown, devoid of trimming and apparently waistless. The day garments of the Boers are also their nightclothes, so the gown is generally wrinkled.—Charleston News and Courier.

Samoa's Talking Man.

Samoa's talking man, or "tolafali," is a character. All the affairs of state of the village in which he holds office are carried upon his shoulders. In ordinary he is the chief adviser, persuader, convincer and restrainer of the leading chiefs.

Having the gift of eloquence, he makes the most of it. He enjoys immunity from many things. He cannot be spoken of in ordinary terms. If it should be necessary to speak of his eyes or his mouth or his limbs, special honorable words must be used, words which attach to him alone and have never been applied to the personal parts of ordinary men.

As he stands to deliver his soft, persuasive, mellifluous oratory, with staff of office in his hand and his fly duster thrown over his shoulder, any one can see that he is a man of great importance, or if this is not apparent from his attitude it may be gathered from the attention paid to his utterances by gray haired chiefs and by youths and maidens. If the talking man is a clever fellow and understands his business, he is the chief ruling power in his tribe, although the nominal headship is always vested in a chief or patriarchal figurehead.

And the Minister Smiled.

The York (Me.) Transcript says that a Portland minister recently called upon one of the families in his parish. He ascended the steps and knocked at the door. Receiving no response, he was about to depart when he heard a window in the next house open and a woman's voice say, "Mrs. Smith, the minister's at your door."

What was the pastor's surprise and amusement when he caught Mrs. Smith's response wafted gently around the corner of the house, "Sh, don't you s'pose I know it!"

The next Sunday after service Mrs. Smith met her pastor and expressed her sorrow that she was away when he had called.

Our Curious Brain.

A wonderful piece of self analysis, worthy of St. Augustine, which occurs in one of John Donne's funeral sermons, gives poignant expression to what must doubtless have been a common condition of so sensitive a brain.

"I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in and invite God and his angels together, and when they are there I neglect God and his angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a dog; I talk on in the same posture of prayer, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God, and if God should ask me when I last thought of God in that prayer I cannot tell. Sometimes I find that I forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of tomorrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a chimera in my brain, troubles me in my prayer."

It is this brain, turned inward upon itself and darting out on every side in purely random excursions that was responsible, I cannot doubt, for all the contradictions of a career in which the inner logic is not at first apparent.—Fortnightly.

Two Railroad Passes.

When its limited express trains were put on some years ago, the Lake Shore Railway company decided to charge extra for the privilege of riding on them, and John Newell, who was president of the system at that time, gave orders that passes, half rate tickets, etc., should not be honored on the "fliers." It was not intended, of course, that the complimentaries issued to high officials of other roads should be void on the fast trains, but through an oversight a yearly pass was sent to D. W. Caldwell, president of the Nickel Plate, which bore on its face the words:

"Not good on Lake Shore limited trains."

A few days after Mr. Caldwell's pass had been issued Mr. Newell received an annual pass on the Nickel Plate with the following indorsement:

"Not good on passenger trains."

Messrs. Newell and Caldwell remained consistent enemies until the former died and was succeeded by the latter as president of the Lake Shore.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Somewhat Mixed.

A gentleman from a neighboring town in Mississippi told the following last night:

"I walked into a small store the other day and found the proprietor lying on the counter just dozing off into a sleep. He roused himself on my approach, and, jumping to the floor, quoted the familiar line:

"'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!'

"'Where did you get that?' I asked.

"'Oh, don't you know? That's what Absalom said when his horse ran under the tree and left him hanging by the hair to a limb. I thought everybody knew where that came from.'"—Memphis Scimitar.

Great City For Prayer.

A visitor to Moscow soon discovers why it is called the Holy City. Every 200 or 300 feet there is a cathedral, church, chapel or shrine, and whichever way you look you see people crossing themselves. Until one has seen Moscow the piety of the place is not easily understood. The outsider cannot imagine Moscow conditions. He cannot imagine church bells ringing all the time and people praying in the public streets at all hours of day and night.

Music For Fish Bait.

An eccentric hermit named William Schueller, who lives at Franklin, Mich., is said to be one of the most successful fishermen in his part of the country, and he claims to call the fish to him by singing "Old Hundredth." He goes out in his boat and takes a station in fairly deep water. Then he sings, at the same time keeping his eyes on the water in search of fish. Gradually the fish crowd about his boat, he claims, and when enough are gathered together the wily fisherman casts a net and catches dozens at a single haul. The old gentleman has a famous voice, and his neighbors are inclined to believe his strange story.—Chicago Record.

Honest Boy.

"I am glad there are a few honest people left. Two years ago I sent a boy around the corner to buy a postal card. I have never seen the boy to this day."

"You don't call that boy honest?"

"Yes, sir. This morning I received a postal with this on the back: 'Dear Sir—Here is your postal. I started in business with the penny you gave me and have prospered. Thanks.'"—Chicago News.

Kissing and Hugging Take Time.

It's all very well for you and Nellie and Emsie to unite in millions of hugs and kisses, but please consider the time it would occupy your poor old very busy uncle. Try hugging and kissing Emsie for a minute by the watch, and I don't think you'll manage it more than 12 hours a day.—Letter of Lewis Carroll.

South Carolina and Georgia Extension R. R. Company.

Schedule No. 4—In effect 12.01 a. m., Sunday, December 24, 1899.

Between
Camden S. C, and Blacksburg, S. C.

WEST.			EAST.	
2d cl *35	1st cl *33	Eastern time.	1st cl *32	2d cl *34
p m	p m	STATIONS.	p m	p m
8 20	12 50	Camden	12 25	5 30
8 50	1 15	Dekalb	11 02	4 50
9 20	1 27	Westville	11 50	4 30
10 50	1 40	Kershaw	11 35	4 10
11 20	2 10	Heath Springs	11 20	3 15
11 35	2 15	Pleasant Hill	11 15	3 00
12 30	2 35	Lancaster	10 55	2 35
1 00	2 50	Riverside	10 40	1 00
1 20	3 05	Springdell	10 30	12 40
2 30	3 10	Catawba Junction	10 20	12 20
2 50	3 20	Leslie	10 10	11 00
3 10	3 40	Rock Hill	10 00	10 40
4 10	3 55	New Port	9 35	8 20
4 45	4 02	Tirzah	9 30	8 00
5 30	4 20	Yorkville	9 15	7 30
6 00	4 35	Sharon	9 00	6 50
6 25	4 50	Hickory Grove	8 45	6 20
6 35	5 00	Smyrna	8 35	6 00
7 00	5 20	Blacksburg	8 15	5 30
p m	p m		a m	a m

Between
Blacksburg, S. C., and Marion, N. C

WEST.			EAST.	
2d cl *11	1st cl *33	Eastern time.	1st cl *32	2d cl *12
a m	p m	STATIONS.	a m	p m
8 10	5 30	Blacksburg	7 48	6 40
8 30	5 45	Earls	7 32	6 20
8 40	5 50	Patterson Springs	7 25	6 12
9 20	6 00	Shelby	7 15	6 00
10 00	6 20	Lattimore	6 55	4 50
10 10	6 28	Mooresboro	6 48	4 40
10 25	6 38	Henrietta	6 38	4 20
10 50	6 55	Forest City	6 20	3 50
11 15	7 10	Rutherfordton	6 05	3 25
11 35	7 22	Millwood	5 55	3 05
11 45	7 35	Golden Valley	5 40	2 50
12 05	7 40	Thermal City	5 37	2 45
12 25	7 58	Glenwood	5 17	2 20
12 50	8 15	Marion	5 00	2 00
p m	p m		a m	p m

West. Gaffney Division. East.

1st Class 15 | 13	EASTERN TIME. STATIONS.	1st Class 14 | 16
p m | a m		a m | p m
1 00 | 6 00	Blacksburg	7 50 | 3 00
1 20 | 6 20	Cherokee Falls	7 30 | 2 40
1 40 | 6 40	Gaffney	7 10 | 2 20
p m | a m		a m | p m

*Daily except Sunday.

Train No 32 leaving Marion, N. C., at 5 a m, making close connection at Blacksburg, S C, with the Southern's train No 36 for Charlotte, N C, and all points East and connecting with the Southern's vestibule going to Atlanta, Ga., and all points West, and will receive passengers going East from train No 10, on the C & N W R R, at Yorkville, S C, at 8 45 a m, and connects at Camden, S C, with the Southern's train No 78, arriving in Charleston, 8 17 p m.

Train No 34 with passenger coach attached leaving Blacksburg at 5 30 a m, and connecting at Rock Hill with the Southern's Florida train for all points South.

Train No 33 leaving Camden, S C, at 12.50 p m, after the arrival of the Southern's Charleston train connects at Lancaster, S C, with the L & C R R, at Catawba Junction with the S A L, going East, at Rock Hill, S C, with the Southern's train, No 34, for Charlotte, N C, and all points East. Connects at Yorkville, S C, with train No 9 on the C & N W R R, for Chester, S C. At Blacksburg with the Southern's vestibule going East, and the Southern's train No 35 going West, and connecting at Marion N C with the Southern both East and West.

SAMUEL HUNT, President.
A. TRIPP, Superintendent.
S. B. LUMPKIN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company of South Carolina.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In effect January 14th, 1900.

SOUTH.				NORTH.	
No *35	No †57			No †56	No *32
	8 02	Lv	Darlington Ar	8 05	
	8 45	Lv	Elliott Ar	7 20	
	9 25	Ar	Sumter Lv	6 40	
3 46		Lv	Sumter Ar		6 18
4 43		Ar	Creston Lv		5 27
	5 45	Lv	Creston Ar	3 50	
	9 15	Ar	Pregnalls Lv	10 00	
5 10			Orangeburg		5 02
5 48			Denmark		4 28
7 55			Augusta		2 30
a m	a m			p m	p m

*Daily †Daily except Sunday.

Trains 32 and 35 carry through Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping Cars between New York and Macon via Augusta.

T M EMERSON, Traffic Manager. H M EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
J R KENLY, Gen'l Manager.